

1928.]

Spier, Havasupai Ethnography.

337

is intense; each breath burns the nostrils and the roots of the hair⁵¹⁵ feel ablaze.¹ Suddenly the leader bursts into song; the others may join him. Near the end of their stay (ten minutes or more) the leader sprinkles water on the rocks with his fingers. To escape the fierce steam which rises to the top of the lodge, one bows face to earth, gradually rising as he is inured. On emerging, the bathers may plunge into the creek, or loiter about waiting their turn again.²

Any song may be sung in the lodge, but some are peculiar to it.⁵³³ These are used by an old man, not a shaman, to cure one who is hurt or wounded (*nahani'dad'di' dadd'di*, singing to cure). Such songs cannot be sung outside for fear of a calamity. Rock Jones, a weather shaman, [755] sang his songs to produce rain, which evoked an immediate response in the form of a flood while he was still within the lodge. [789]

Mid-afternoon finds the gambling games in full swing at one or two⁵¹⁷ of the village camps where convivial spirits foregather; women and principally younger men. A typical scene at T——'s would show several⁵²⁵ games in progress in the shade of the cottonwoods, with shrill laughter punctuating the challenge and banter of the little circles seated on the sand; the horses standing, stamping, at the corral edge; men and boys coming and going; the children tumbling about in the sunshine; the elderly host, who rarely indulges, seated to one side, parrying chaff; and his half-blind wife querulously engaged in her household tasks. The function of this host is not clear; it is said that he likes to have⁵⁷⁴ the players come, but evidently they fee him from time to time. I have heard his voice echoing through the canyon, much to the amusement of bystanders, calling on the tardy to hasten.

Footracing (*tsam'dig'et'di*, race by two; *tsam'dig'et'di*, by three or⁵²⁶ more) is to a point 50 to 125 m. distant and return. Races were usually for stakes. There are no relay or kicking races, although the latter are known.³ Horseracing has superseded footracing, but it has developed on⁵⁴¹ the same pattern, i.e., a race to a point and return. Considerable attention is given to the preparation of the course in the canyon (about 1800⁵⁴¹ m. long) and selecting the horses. To insure a cult becoming a racehorse,⁷⁸⁹ the following meaningless songs are sung while he is being broken:—⁵³³

¹On a day in October, the temperature in a lodge that was not quite air-tight registered 135° F. [345] outside 177° F. Probably the temperature in the nearest lodge ranges from 135°-150° F. G. A. Hawley notes of a Chinaman's weathering that "it is probable that the heat registered was less than 145° F. at 4 p. m."

²I have found the sweating deliciously stimulating, relaxing every muscle. The plunge into the cold water has not the expected shock, although it does not the measureless cooling.

³In conversation with a youth it was said that the object behind *tsat'et'* was a horse compounded of mud and silver grass. The Pima use a ball of groundwood gum or a gum coated core of silver and wood [Hawley, op. cit.] [711]

- 54/ giša giyi giyi goldon ávonhai isunéa honeyá (repeat)
 789 gišáqánáqáqó nóqáqábá isunéa hineyá
 533 A second song is:—
 [539] si'l'i'ike'ego hasiáqá hasiáqá hasiáqáqáqá yóllgai

[177] These songs were learned from the Navaho by Bob's paternal grand-
 [648] father, who was captured in the canyon and lived among them for forty
 years. The Hopi helped him to escape on an occasion when he visited
 Oraibi. Horsemen do not jockey for a start, but start from a standstill.

526 Only girls juggle (*djiyáqá*). Two or three balls are caught in one
 hand as they walk about. These are stones, peach stones, or small wild
 gourds.¹

Boys play a game wherein they throw darts, made of a corncob on a
 stick, at a rolling tray basket.

Men and boys play a number of archery games. In one, two men roll
 a circular opuntia cactus, which has been placed in the fire so that the
 spines could be scraped off, from one to the other. A group of others
 standing opposite its path shoot at it. The target is called a mountain
 sheep, deer, etc. A variation consists in rolling a small barrel cactus,
 from which the spines have been removed, down a hill. The bow men,
 stationed along its course, shoot in succession as it passes.

In another game two opposing bands of bow men are seated fifteen
 yards apart. Beside each group there is an opuntia cactus raised obliquely
 on a pile of dirt so that it presents only one edge to the opponents.
 [525] Arrows are wagered, which are won when the mark is hit in the center,
 which cannot be seen. A hit in the forward edge does not score. If the
 arrow strikes the dirt pile, lifting the cactus, the archer has a second
 chance. Holding the cactus together with his bow in his left hand, he
 tosses it up and attempts to shoot the flying missile. An opponent may
 try to make him miss by strumming on a bowstring. He holds the bow
 [534] horizontally between his lips near one end and taps the string with an ar-
 row. This is the only occurrence of the musical bow among these people.

A similar game consists in shooting at two wads of bark set up about
 25 yards apart. Arrows are stuck into the ground until they are required
 [525] for use. The parties shoot alternately. A single hit wins the stakes.

Wrestling contests (*giqut'atqat*) are frequently indulged in by men
 and boys. Opponents approach crouching slightly and lock their arms
 about each other's body. The winner must hold his man flat on the
 ground. Striking, kicking, and biting are not permitted.

¹They do not believe palm.

180. *People of the Blue Water*

827 To the primitive Indian, unconsciousness is "going dead for awhile." I learned this one day when I fainted in the classroom. The children ran from the room in terror, but later told me, "You went dead and we were afraid." The deduction was that one who "went dead for awhile" had most certainly entered the land of the departed and should have exciting experiences to relate.

177 However, the people were soon disillusioned. These emotional
796 orgies did not bring back their dead. Even more discouraging, some of those who climbed the pole were said to have died within a short time. This gave the Havasupai their reason for discontinuing the dance. But more potent forces were at work. On some reservations the dances drew large crowds and the emotional demonstrations reached such extremes that soldiers were called in to restore order. One agent, at least, resorted to strategy by preparing a big feast for the day of the dance. Food would be plentiful, and free—but no dancing. The feast was well attended—the dance floor deserted. Within four or five years the demoralizing ceremony was entirely discontinued.

796 However, after the terrific excitement of the Ghost Dance, the
527 older Havasupai women may have found their native Peach Dance a little slow, so resorted to hysterical demonstrations to enliven it.

The Peach Dance would end with feasting and horse racing.
796 For the feast men and women were strictly segregated. The former,
527 on one side of the race track, were discussing rules with Manakadja.
574 Across the track, the women were busy with food under a long open-sided shelter.

The men served the food, placing it, according to custom, on green branches spread on the ground. As a matter of courtesy, visiting men were served first. Then men of the tribe. Women and children shared what was left. The feast over, the leaders took turns lecturing the crowd on proper conduct.

796 Up to this time neither men nor women had manifested much
527 excitement. They had danced the previous night until long past midnight, and were tired and sleepy. The loud thump, thump of the dance drum had echoed and re-echoed up and down the

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canyon keeping us awake until weariness deadened the sound. 796
But with the announcement of the first race, the people surged 527
forward, crowding for a place near the track, laughing, shouting 541
and betting on their favorite horses.

Walapai Bill's bay lined up with a dozen other horses for the first race. Had I cared to bet I would have placed my money on him, remembering my wild ride on that same mile-long track. Riderless horses, always betting favorites, were also trained for these races. They started on signal, kept their places in the race and—on occasion—won. No doubt one or more of them had been entered today for excitement was at a peak.

The signal was given, the race was on. Women rushed forward waving their *sutams* and screaming at the horse on which they had placed bets, "Win race! Win! Win!" Men tossed their hats into the air and shouted.

In the midst of the hullabaloo, I remembered the stack of letters that must be answered before the mail went out the next morning. Unlike the Indians I was not free to work only when it was "little light" and play when I felt like it. Unlike the Indians, too, I had no storehouses bursting with food. My subsistence depended on my efficiency. I had no choice but to leave the merry-making at its height, but not before I'd had a chance to watch Walapai Bill's horse nose up inch by inch and win the race.

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ment. There is no comparison between the children 18/
of the same ages of the Havasupais and the Navahoes
or Hopis. And yet, when they enter school, some of
the Havasupais learn with a rapidity equal to that of
these other children.

It seems strange to find a people whose children
have no equivalent for dolls; nothing specifically to [23]
care for. They are capricious in their treatment of
their domestic animals, cats and dogs, sometimes petting
them to excess, and then lifting the yelping or squall-
ing creatures by the legs, twisting these members over
their backs, or otherwise torturing them.

The boys and the girls, as well as the men and 492
women, are expert horse riders. Every family has its
horses, and the children ride from their earliest years.
Even as I write I catch glimpses now and then of a
red-shawled girl on horseback and hear the hard strike
of the horse's hoofs as he dashes along at break-neck
speed along the trail near the hawa of my host. All ride
astride, and are as fearless in ascending and descending
the steep trails that give access and egress to their
canyon home as the wildest and most expert of the
Rough Riders.

One of their great sports and gala times is when visit- 541
ing Indians — Navahoes, Hopis, or Wallapais — come 525
with fleet horses and races are arranged for. While they [574]
have no "Derby Day," they have days on which half
the personal property of the village is pledged on the
success of certain horses. They are inveterate gam-
blers; and blankets, buckskins, saddles, bridles, Navaho
jewelry, horses, burros, and everything "gambleable"
are risked on the outcome. And what an exciting scene
an Indian horserace is, and how picturesque! There

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- 541 is not so much difference after all in human nature,
 525 when one penetrates below the surface. The reserved
 Englishman, the excitable Italian, the vivacious French-
 man, and the so-called stupid and stolid native ab-
 original American exhibit exactly the same traits of
 character under the excitement of a horserace. But
 in Havasu Canyon the conditions are quite different
 from Ascot, Doncaster, or Newmarket. Here are bucks
 dressed in the breech-clout and excitement, and women
 [24] gesticulating and waving their al-dram'-as (our large
 flaming red or other "loud" colored bandannas,
 fastened over the shoulders and across the breast).
 [12] Some suppress their excitement, others jabber like
 monkeys, and as the horses come to the starting-point
 there is just as much talking and din as after the start
 is made. One distinct feature is that many horses are
 raced without riders. They seem to understand, and
 when the signal to "let go" is given they dart off at
 full speed, just as if riders were on their backs urging
 them forward. Compared with our finely bred, beauti-
 fully chiselled horses, such as one sees, or used to see,
 in Lucky Baldwin's or the late Senator Stanford's stables,
 what ragged, scrawny, wretched creatures these are;
 and yet when they run how they surprise you, how
 those ugly limbs seem to limber up, and those sleepy
 eyes gain fire!

Gambling at these races is carried to an extraordinary extent. Men, women, and children alike gamble all they possess, or even hope to possess. This gambling spirit has grown wonderfully in the past few years, for, during the Kohot Navaho's lifetime he constantly used his powerful influence to discourage it.

Gambling, unfortunately, is not confined merely to

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horse-racing. All the afternoon, as I have sat at my work, a group of eight women, some young, some middle-aged, and one old, have gambled without cessation for five solid hours. Two young mothers had their babies — surely not more than two to three months old — and the youngest of the women was one of these mothers, and she could not have been more than eighteen years of age. Girls gamble at *Hui-ta-qui-chi-ka* for safety-pins, and boys for knives and the like, so that now it is a vice which has affected every individual of the tribe. 5410
525

The Havasupai children are expert ball tossers. 526
With three or four small melons they rival the conjurers and jugglers of our vaudeville shows in feats of dexterity, keeping three or more balls in the air at the same time.

Boys and girls alike run around in the fiercest rain, 555
their feet and legs wet and the few clothes they have on absolutely soaked. The idea of changing them has never seemed to enter their primitive minds, and without care, without a fire, unless he chooses to build one, the youngster gets along as best he may. It is a case of the weaker going to the wall, for here only the strong can survive.

There is very little attempt on the part of their parents to control them. They are generally allowed to do as they choose. I have often seen a little girl take a cigarette from between her father's lips, give it a few puffs, and return it, he all the while either indifferent to or unconscious of the act.

The close proximity of Havasu Creek and its large ponds or reservoirs, made by the irrigation dams, 526
naturally suggests that they are swimmers. Observation 868

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They are petty thieves, but years of experience have taught me that they could not be persuaded to engage in larceny on a grander scale. One of my first experiences in this line was to have some little thing taken from my camp many years ago (I forget now what it was). Immediately I sent for Hotouta, and told him the article must be returned. In a few hours the boy thief (now a hang-dog looking buck) came and brought back the article.

On my last visit, coffee and candy were taken from my sacks at Wa-lu-tha-ma's hawa, and three necklaces which I had taken as presents for some of the children. I spoke angrily to my host of his negligence to protect my goods when they were in his care, and, as for the necklaces, said if they were not returned by morning I should complain to the agent, and have the thief discovered and punished. Long before sunrise in the morning the necklaces were returned.

There is a good deal of craft about some of them. For a long time Captain Jim and a few others had wished to have a road or trail made around Hue-gli-i-wa that would make it less dangerous, and add much to the comfort of the people, who lived both above and below this spot, when they wished to visit each other. For years nothing was done. But when, this year, he took the matter up again, he did it in a round-about way that won success. He urged that an invitation be sent to the leading horsemen of the Wallapais to bring their best horses and come and run races with them. The Wallapais accepted the invitation. Now was Captain Jim's opportunity for the display of his finesse. He casually suggested to some of the most ardent racers that the way to beat the Wallapais was to make a race-track

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157 just the same as the white men did, and, when it was
181 completed, train their horses to run on it until they
● 541 were so familiar with it that, when the Wallapais
57N came, they would be able to take all the advantages
499 this additional knowledge would give. The suggestion
worked like a charm. It was Tom Sawyer's woodpile
over again. The young men waited on the Kohot,
Manakacha, and asked permission to cut a road a mile
long through the middle portion of the canyon. The
only place where this could be done was just where
Captain Jim desired the road. He was appointed to
see that the work was properly done, and the first few
days of my visit were enlivened by the echoing roars
of the powder explosions that were set off. When I
went down to the lower part of the village it was over
the new and completed road, a full mile in length, and
well cut out and graded. Such a consummation was de-
voutly to be wished, and while races are not an un-
mixed good, one could tolerate them the easier for the
Havasupais if they would always be the means of ac-
complishing such desirable ends.

157 The Havasupais are far from being dull and stupid, as
181 casual observers suppose. They can see the point of
things as quickly as some of their white neighbors.
For instance; I have elsewhere, in my Grand Canyon
book, told how Silver, Hotouta's fine horse, was given
to Mr. Bass. This horse has always been an object of
envy to some of the young men of the tribe. Mr. Bass
also bought from Sinyela a red mule of some of my
exciting experiences. Having once had possession of
this mule was in itself an overpowering temptation to
those Indians, who, in the days of Sinyela's ownership,
had been permitted to ride it. Consequently Mr. Bass

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when the bathers come out they plunge into the stream, or lie on the sand and rest until their turn again. 515/517

Horse racing is patterned after foot racing of former times. The race is to a point and return. Considerable attention is given to the preparation of the course on which the race is to be held, also to the selection of horses. Races are usually for stakes and on special occasions, as the Peach Dance, a purse is offered the winner. The horsemen do not jockey for a start, but start from stand-still. 541/525

Men and boys often hold wrestling contests. The contestants approach each other in a slightly crouching position and lock their arms around each other's body. Kicking and striking are not permitted. The winner must be able to hold his man flat on the ground. 526

The Havasupai children are expert swimmers, often learning the art very young. Mothers toss the small children in the creek of deep water and in almost no time they paddle their way to the bank, one would hardly say they are taught to paddle for it seems to come instinctively. 868/481

As canyon climbers the Havasupai probably surpass all other tribes. Their muscles are developed by constant practice and they run up and down the steep canyon trails in a manner to excite the envy of our college athletes. 481/147

When an individual is very ill and it is feared that he may die, relatives gather and begin to wail. A corpse is laid with the head to the northwest, the hair washed in yucca suds, and the face painted. Clothes are usually furnished by friends and relatives. The following day every one gathers to mourn with the family. The chiefs talk of the past life of the deceased and admonish the relatives to care for the property of the deceased and not to commit suicide. Formerly the Havasupai cremated their dead but now they are buried. Each family has a burial plot. When death occurs in a house the family moves out for a few months. Personal possessions are buried. In recent years the custom of burning personal treasures has not been as universal as formerly. 763/764/423/768

RELIGION

The Havasupai creation myth and other legends are very similar to those of the Mohave and Yuma Indians living along the Colorado River. 777/773

In the Beginning there were two gods of the Universe. Tochopa was a good god and Hokomata was very bad. The good god had a very beautiful daughter, Ter-keh-eh, from whom he hoped would descend the whole human race to inhabit the big world. The wicked god seemed to possess the most magical power and to demonstrate it he proudly boasted he would flood the world and destroy all creation. The good god, Tochopa, fearing he would do this, made a boat of hollow pison log in which he hoped to save his daughter. In this log he placed necessary food and other articles and also made a lookout window. Then he brought his daughter, and telling her she must get in the log and there be sealed up, he took a sad farewell of her, closed up the end of the log and waited for the destruction of the world. It was not long before the floods began to descend. Not rain, but cataracts, rivers, and deluges came covering all the earth with water. The log floated and in safety lay Fu-keh-eh while the water rose higher and higher covering all the mountains. After a while the flood ceased and the water found a way to rush into the sea. As it dashed down it cut through rocky plateaus and made the deep canyons of the Colorado River. Soon all the water was gone and the earth began to dry. The girl found her log no longer floating. She peeped out of the window her father had placed in her boat, and, though it was misty and 539/127

(1) Sources of mythology here given are a Havasupai informant; Parish, History of Arizona; and The Redman, a bulletin of mythology printed at the Phoenix Indian School. 127

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755 diseases which he exhibits to the crowd that gathers to help sing the evil
756 spirits out of the sick.

If a shaman does not have success in curing a patient another may be called and both work at the same time. Calling in a second does not arouse professional jealousy or cause ill feeling between them. One may sing a few nights, then the other.

756 In former times an unsuccessful shaman, and particularly one who
686 had failed for a long time, might be killed by a close relative of the patient who died.

537 The peach Dance is the one general dance of the year and is per-
535 formed in the early fall at the end of August or the beginning of Sep-
tember and occupies two or three days and nights. To some extent it is a
prayer for rain and prosperity, but the social side predominates. At
1772 this time Hualapai, Hopi, and Navaho visitors come to share the abun-
648 dance and to trade. The several days festivities furnish the principal
diversion of the year.

537 The dance ground is cleared by men and boys who pile the brush
about the edges making a sort of enclosure. People begin to arrive in
the early afternoon, the men smoke, the younger Indians play games;
the women not engaged in preparing food for the subsequent feast gos-
sip and soothe restless babies. By mid-afternoon, the entire village,
with the exception of a few very old women or those who are sick, ar-
rive. The chief directs a place cleared to receive the food, arranges
so the men may eat, and distributes the remainder of the food among
the women and children. At the conclusion of the feast, the chiefs ad-
dress moral discourses to the women and children and urge all present
to take part in the dance and festivities. By the time the chiefs have
finished their speeches the heat of the day has abated and the dancing
commences.

536 A pole is put up in the center of the dance ground, the drummer and
song leader stands facing the pole. He wears a fox or coyote skin
hanging from the bag of his belt; the upper part of his face, painted
brown, resembles a mask. The dancers form a circle, join hands and
stand while singing the phrases several times until every one gets the
rhythm, then they begin dancing with a short, shuffling side step. The
1837 drummer and song leader usually stands inside the circle and beats
time, one drum beat marks each step. The dance continues until the
circle has returned to its initial position several times. Then there is
a brief intermission and the dancers change positions. During each
1823 intermission the chiefs harangue the crowd and urge them to dance.
Generally the dancing does not become spirited until after two or three
hours. At times as many as fifty people are dancing. Young chil-
dren often take part and catch the rhythm immediately.

537 As the dance continues, a masked man makes his appearance from
535 the bushes. He is nude except for the breech cloth. His body is painted
626 in black and white horizontal stripes. A white cloth mask is worn over
his head and drawn in about the neck, having sticks, to which feathers
are attached, fixed like horns. Round mouth and eye holes are cut and
marked on the face. In his hands he carries willow branches. He looks
over the crowd seated in groups on the ground and picks out some one
and compels him to join the circle and dance, thus conveying the idea
that it is the duty of the Havasupai to dance and offer thanks for the
bountiful crops. This masked figure also goes through a pantomime of
shooting the crowd with a gun and pretends fear of them, all in a
clownish manner. His function at every dance is to urge and whip the
laggards and frighten them so they will dance.

537 The first two nights, the celebration usually breaks up about mid-
1839 night. The third and last night, the dancing continues until dawn.
During the day the men and boys play games, practice wrestling, and
run horse races while the women and girls prepare and cook food for
the feast held each day about sunset. The last day is usually spent in
1841 horse racing with the Hopi and Navaho.